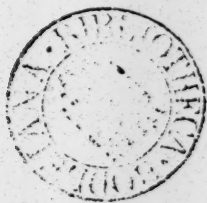
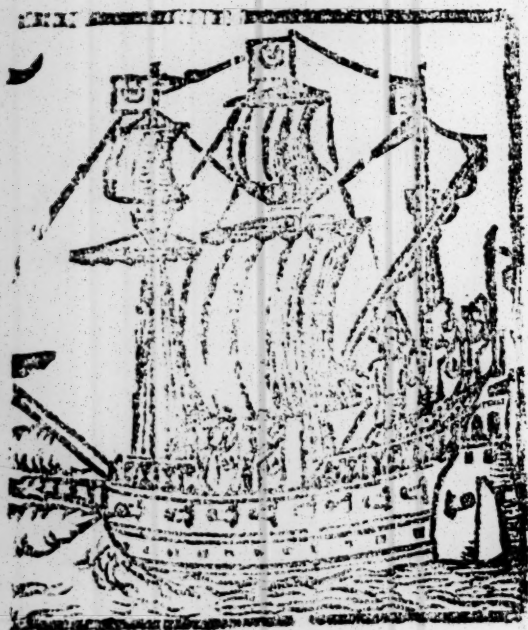


The Kings authority over the narrow seas (strictly
 reserved ever by his ancestors) was about this time an.
 1511. somewhat lessened by 8 piracies of Andrew Breton
 (whom our chronicles call Barton) a Scottish man. This
 Breton, in revenge of his fathers death, as also other
 injuries, having in vain sought redress in France
 for a ship taken from his said father by some portugals,
 obtained letters of M^{ort} from James 4. K. of Scott.
 upon condition yet, he should not exercise piracy.
 Notwithstanding th he seized on divers of our lesser Bar-
 ones upon pretence of carrying portugals goods, and
 pillaged them. For remedy of such inconvenience,
 the two sons of Tho. Howard Earl of Surrey (Lord
 Treasurer, - Earl Marshall of Engl) were employ-
 ed. The younger called Edward being Lord Admi-
 ral, commanding in one ship. (- Thomas & Edw. bro-
 thers in another. Thereupon, in severall places (though
 at one time) they metted Bretons two ships; with
 though 8 Scottish writers made to be - are left them
 only, maintained a cruel fight. The obstinate pirate
 though so grievously hurt yt he died on 8 place)
 encouraging his men with his whistle even to his
 last breath — see the rift in 8 Lord Herbert of
 Chesham in History of Hen. 8. printed 1672. p. 150
 & 16. — and in severall chronicles —



A true Relation of the life and death of sir Andrew

Barton, a Pyrate and Rover on the Seas,
The tune is, Come follow my love.



When Henry saw her fragrant flowers
Heard the earth so trim and gay,
And saw a white-bellied bird
Come to present the month of May,
Henry saw a pretty little
On the River of Thames pass by,
Anton Mountaine also
His walk, some pleasure he to see.
Where forty Merchants he espied
With fifty came towards him
Who then to Henry were as friends,
But on their knees fell in complaint,
And like your Grace we cannot fail
To France for our voyage to be sure,
But Sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,
And robs us of our Merchant ware.
It was the King, and turned him,
Said to the Lords of high degree,
Have I here a Lord in all my Realm
Ware fetch that traitor unto me.
To him reply'd Lord Charles Howard
I will my Lord with heart and hand,
If it please you grant me leave he said,
I will perform what you command.
To him then spoke King Henry
I fear my Lord you are too young,
So what at all my Lord quoth he,
I hope to prove in valour strong.
The Scottish Knight I bow to seek
In peace where so ever he be:
And being on shore with all his might,
Or into Scotland he shall carry me,
A hundred men the King then said,
Out of my Realm shall chosen be,
Besides Sappers and Ship-bows,
To guide a great Ship on the Sea.

William and Gannors of good skill,
Shall for this service chosen be,
And they at thy command and will,
In all affairs shall wait on thee.

Lord Howard call'd a Gunner then,
Who was the best in all the Realm,
His age was threescore year and ten,
and Peter Simon was his name.
My Lord call'd then a bold man rare,
whose name was bands had gained fame,
A Gentleman born in Yorkshire,
and William Horfly was his name,

Horfly quoth he I must to Sea,
to see a traitor with great speed
Of a hundred Bolmen brave quoth he,
I have chosen thee to be the head,
If you my Lord have chosen me
of a hundred men to be the head,
Upon main Mast I'll hang me be,
If I score I miss one Willings beeth.

Lord Howard then of courage bold
went to the Sea with pleasant cheer
Not care he took of others pleasure or
though it was the Roym time of the year
Not long he had been on the Sea,
no more in days then number three
Till one Henry Hunt he then espied,
a Merchant of Newcastle was he.

To him Lord Howard call'd out amain
and strictly charged him to stand,
Demanding then from whence he came,
or where he did intend to land:
The Merchant then made answer soon,
With heavy heart and careful mind
My Lord my Ship it doth belong
unto Newcastle upon Tyne.

Canst thou show me thy Lord did say
as thou didst sail by day and night,
A Scottish Rover on the Sea,
his name is Andrew Barton Knight,
Then to him the Merchant sigh'd and said
With grievous mind and well away,
But ever well I knew that might
I was his prisoner but yesterday.

As my Lord did pass from France,
a Burdeux voyage to take so far,
I met Sir Andrew Barton thence
who robbed me of my Merchant Ware
And mickle debts God knows I owe,
and every man did crave his own,
And I am bound to London now,
of our gracious King to beg a boon:

Let me but once that villain see,
And ere I penny he hath from the tane
I'll make the same with William's tane.
God forbid my Lord he said,
I fear your rim that you will miss,
God bless you from his sprang,
For you little know what man he is,
He is here within, and shall without.
He was most huge and mighty strong,
With eighteen pieces strong and stout.
He carried on each side along,
With beams for her top-Castle,
as also being huge and high.
What neither English nor Portugal
can Sir Andrew Barton pass by.

Hard news thou shalt then see the Lord
to welcome strangers to the Sea,
But as I said I'll bring him aboard,
or into Scotland he shall carry me.
The Merchant said if you will do so,
take counsel then I pray withall
Let no man to his top-castle go,
nor strive to let his beam below fall.

And me seven pieces of Ordnance then
of each side of my ship quoth he,
And to morrow my Lord I'll fight for seven,
again I will your honour see.
A glass I'll set that may be seen,
Whether you sail by day or night,
And to morrow he sure before seven
you shall see Sir Andrew Barton knight.

The Merchant set my Lord a glass
so well apparent to the sight,
What on the morrow his promise was
he said Sir Andrew Barton knight.
The Lord then swore a mighty oath,
now by the heavens that he of might
By faith believe me, one by truth
I think he is a worthy knight.

Sir Andrew Barton seeing him,
thus scornfully to pass by,
Although he cared not a pin
for him and all his company.
Then called he on his men amain,
fetch back your Pedler now quoth he
And against this way he came again,
He teach him well his comrade.

Fetch me my Lyon out of cage,
saith the Lord, with roses streamers high
Set up withall a willow weed,
that Merchant like I pass by.
Thus bravely did Lord Howard pass
and did on anchor rise so high
So Toper-sail at all he cast
but as his foe had him beset.

A piece of Ordnance seen was shot
by this proud Pyrate fiercely then,
Into Lord Howards middle Deck,
which cruel shot kill'd fourteen men,
He call'd then Peter Simon he
look now thy Lord do stand instead
For then shall be hanged on main Mast
if thou miss twelve before one penny breath

When Peter Simon gave a shot,
which his Sir Andrew mickle care,
In at his Deck it came so hot
killed fifty of his men of war,
Alas then said the Pyrate stout,
I am in danger now I see
This is some Lord I greatly doubt
that is set on to conquer me.

When Henry Hunt with rigor hot,
came bravely on the other side,
Who likewise shot it at his Deck
and kill'd five of his men beside.
Then out alas Sir Andrew cry'd
What may a man now think or say,
For a Merchant thief that pierceth me,
or was my prisoner but yesterday.

When did he on Gordian call,
unto Toper-castle for to go,
And his his Beams he should let fall,
for I greatly fear and eye the show
The Lord call'd Horfly now in haste
look that thy Lord stand now in stead
For thou shalt be hanged on main Mast
if then miss 12. score one Willing bred.

Then up Mast-tree then swarved he,
thus stout and mighty Gordian,
But Horfly he most happily,
shot him under the collar bone,
Then called he on his Nephew then,
said fathers son I hate no more,
This hundred pounds I will give thee
if thou wilt to Toper-castle go,

When stoutly he began to climb,
from off the Mast scorn'd to depart.
But Horfly soon prevented him,
and deadly pierc'd him to the heart.
His men bring slain then up amain.
This proud Pyrate climb with speed,
For Armour of proof he had but on,
and did not dunt of arrow dread.

Come hit her Horfly said the Lord,
let that thine arrow aim aright.
Great means to thee I will afford
and if you speed I'll make you knight.
Sir Andrew did climb up the tree,
with right good will and all his main.
When upon the tree best hit Horfly he,
till the arrow did return again.

When Horfly saw a private place,
with a parted eye in a secret part,
His arrow swiftly shot and pierc'd
and smote Sir Andrew to the heart,
Fright on, fright on my merry men all,
a little I am hurt yet not slain
He but lye down and bled a while,
and come and fight with you again.

And do not be said fear English Rogues,
and of your Lord stand not in awe
But stand fast by Sir Andrews Tross,
untill you hear my whistle blow,
They never heard his whistle blow,
which made them all sore affraid.
When Horfly said, my Lord aboard,
for now Sir Andrew Barton's dead.

Thus boarded they this gallant Ship,
with right good will and all their main,
Eighteen score Scots also in it
besides as many more were slain.
The Lord went where Sir Andrew lay
and quickly there cut off his head,
I should for sake England many a day
if thou wert alive as thou art dead.

Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,
with mickle joy and triumphing.
The Pyrates head brought along,
for to present unto our King,
Who bade they then to him did say,
before he knew well what was done,
Where is the Knight and Pyrate gay
that I my self may give the doom,

For may thank God then said the Lord,
and four men in the Ship quoth he,
What we are come safely to the shore,
With you had never such an enemy.
That is Henry Hunt and Peter Simon,
William Horfly and Peters son,
Therefore reward them for their pains,
for they did service at their turn.

To the Merchant then the King did say,
in lue of what he had from thee tane,
I give to thee a noble a day,
Sir Andrews Whistle and his chain,
To Peter Simon a crown a day
and half crown a day to Peters son,
And that was for a shot so gay,
which bravely brought Sir Andrew down

Horfly I will make thee a knight,
and in Yorkshire there shalt thou dwell
Lord Howard shall Earl Burg knight,
for this title he hath deserved well,
Seven Willings to our English men,
who to this fight did stoutly stand,
And 12 pence a day to the Scots till they,
come to my brother Kings high Land.